The plate, coine, reuenewes, and moueables
Whereof our Vnckle Gaunt did ſtand poſſeſt.
Yorke How long ſhal I be patient? ah how long
Shall tender duty make me ſuffer wrong?
Not Gloceſters death, nor Herefords baniſhment,
Nor Gauntes rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore Bullingbrooke,
About his mariadge, nor my owne diſgrace,
Haue euer made me ſower my patient cheeke,
Or bende one wrinckle on my ſoueraignes face:
I am the laſt of noble Edwards ſonnes,
Of whom thy father Prince of Wales was firſt
In warre was neuer Lyon ragde more fierce,
In peace was neuer gentle lambe more milde,
Then was that young and princely Gentleman:
His face thou haſt, for euen ſo lookt he,
Accompliſht with a number of thy howers;
But when he frowned it was againſt the french,
And not againſt his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did ſpende, and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had wonne:
His hands were guilty of no kinred bloud,
But bloudie with the enemies of his kinne:
Oh Richard: Yorke is too far gone with griefe,
Or elſe he neuer would compare betweene.
King Why Vnckle whats the matter?
Yorke Oh my liege, pardone me if you pleaſe,
If not I pleaſd not to be pardoned, am content with all,
Seeke you to ſeaze and gripe into your hands
The roialties and rights of baniſht Hereford:
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford liue?
Was not Gaunt iuſt? and is not Harrie true?
Did not the one deſerue to haue an heire?
Is not his heire a well deſeruing ſonne?
Take Herefordes rightes away, and take from time
His charters, and his cuſtomarie rightes;
Let not to morrow then enſue to daie:
Be not thy ſelfe. For how art thou a King

But by faire ſequence a
Now afore God God f
If you doe wrongfully
Call in the letters pate
By his attourneies gen
His liuery, and deny hi
You plucke a thouſand
You looſe a thouſand
And pricke my tender
Which honour, and all
King Thinke what
His plate, his goods, hi
Yorke Ile not be by t
What will enſue hereo
But by bad courſes may
That their euents can
King Go Buſhie to
Bid him repaire to vs t
To ſee this buſines: to
We will for Ireland, an
And we create in abſen
Our Vnckle Yorke L
For he is iuſt, and alwa
Come on our Queene,
Be merry, for our time

North. Well Lords,
Roſſe And liuing to,
Will. Barely in title
North. Richly in bo
Roſſe My heart is gr
Eart be disburdened w
North. Nay ſpeake
That ſpeakes thy wor
Wil. Tends that thou
If it be ſo, out with it b
Quicke is mine eare to

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22307) LONDON, 1597 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (Huth